

EMPEROR'S DOMINATION

Chapter 10: Brutal (2)

The news of Li Qiye and Du Yuanguang's fight was intentionally spread by the disciples of the Nine Saint Demon Gate. Word of this quickly traveled throughout the entire sect.

Du Yuanguang possessed considerable influence and was fairly popular within the sect for reaching Provisional Palace in just five years after he was admitted. Here, he was considered a genius; at the current Cleansing Incense Ancient Sect, he would be a genius among geniuses.

Even the seniors who heard about this challenge were surprised: "Challenging Du Yuanguang?"

Some of the disciples who had never heard of Li Qiye were quite intrigued: "He is the latest disciple of Protector Hua. Even though his Golden Wolf Physique has only reached Houtian, it is still a formidable type of physique. What is the current cultivation of the prime disciple of the Cleansing Incense Ancient Sect?"

A disciple mockingly answered: "Ha, Senior Sheng worries too much! That sect is average at best and without any experts. Their prime disciple is a piece of trash with a Mortal physique, Mortal life wheel, and Mortal fate palace. He had only joined the Cleansing Incense Ancient Sect for two days, so he only had the time to practice martial techniques. Even the most elementary merit laws elude him."

After hearing this news, the seniors who didn't know Li Qiye before became even more perplexed. A martial artist challenging a cultivator? He must be tired of living!

“This is the same as a calf not being afraid of a tiger, how sad!” [1. Another proverb, meaning that a person is too naive to recognize danger.]

A lot of the seniors lost their interest because they believed the fight would end after a single move.

Du Yuanguang only needed one swing and everything would be finished.

This news also reached the ears of a few sectional leaders and protectors. They shook their heads while contemplating the implications.

One of the protectors spoke in an aloof and cold manner: “Maybe this is a blessing in disguise. Killing a piece of trash isn’t something to be proud of, but if the idiotic juniors of the Cleansing Incense Ancient Sect wish to challenge us, then let this be a lesson.”

This comment caused some protectors and sectional leaders to knit their eyebrows. It was still an Immortal Emperor sect, after all. Currently, it still had Emperor level cultivation methods and, more importantly, the inheritance of Immortal Emperor Min Ren. Everyone had been watching that sect like hungry tigers waiting for the right moment to strike.

Realistically, the Nine Saint Demon Gate only had to mobilize their protectors to rob the Emperor merit laws, but the current Demon King had never revealed his thoughts on this topic. This caused the upper echelons to remain silent as well. If the Demon King gave the order, someone would immediately leave and destroy the sect with zero hesitation.

While the upper echelons were still deliberating, Li Qiye was already standing on the battle stage. Quite a crowd gathered for this event. They just wanted to see what kind of torture Du Yuanguang would employ.

When Du Yuanguang stepped onto the battle stage, a disciple loudly yelled: “Senior Du, use one slash to chop off his head!”

Another chimed in: "One sword strike is too merciful for him. He dared to insult Senior Li and our sect, so you have to flay him piece by piece."

A senior opened his mouth: "Death is the only result for insulting our sect. Junior Du, do not rush things. Slice off his hands and feet, but do not kill him. Wait for the Cleansing Incense Ancient Sect to come and apologize. Let the whole Grand Middle Territory, no, the whole Mortal Emperor World know the consequences of opposing us."

On the battle stage, Li Qiye stared at Du Yuanguang and teased: "Can the Nine Saint Demon Gate's disciples only use words? You lot are indeed experts at using your mouths."

"Idiotic animal, I only need one sword strike to remove your head from your body." Du Yuanguang lifted his chin, clearly looking down on his opponent.

Li Qiye casually responded: "If you want to fight, then fight. Stop wasting so much time!" His left hand tightly gripped his blade. He lifted it horizontally and pointed the edge towards Du Yuanguang then proclaimed: "Make your move."

"Die!" Infuriated by Li Qiye's fearless attitude, Du Yuanguang made his move. A sword strike that felt like it could destroy the surrounding space lashed out; it was as fast as lightning. The sharp attack accompanied with the boundless anger of Du Yuanguang pounced for Li Qiye's heart.

Li Qiye did not take a step back. Instead, he moved forward. With each step he took, the blade in his left hand danced like a heavenly serpent and swiftly deflected Du Yuanguang's sword technique.

A crisp noise resounded in the arena, indicating that flesh had been cut. Although Du Yuanguang's sword didn't pierce Li Qiye's heart, it had pierced his left shoulder.

"Insect..." Du Yuanguang smirked. However, just a moment later while his sword was still lodged in Li Qiye's left shoulder, his opponent's right hand

started to move. In the blink of an eye, even Du Yuanguang did not see the movement of Li Qiye's blades.

"Good..." The blades were too swift; they invoked mysterious truths that nothing could compare to. No one saw the trajectory of the blades. The Nine Saint Demon Gate disciples were loudly cheering when they saw Du Yuanguang's sword connect.

However...

That very second when the sword met Li Qiye's left shoulder, Nan Huairen and Protector Mo arrived. Protector Mo saw the sword connect and yelled out: "Please lower your sword and spare him!"

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A moment later, blood began to drip from Du Yuanguang's throat. All of a sudden, blood spurted out as Du Yuanguang's body slowly fell to the ground. Li Qiye had mercilessly thrown both of his blades using the "Invisible Dual Blades" technique.

"Plop... Plop..." Du Yuanguang's body was slashed by the two blades as they magically intersected each other, dividing his body into five pieces before it hit the ground. Blood filled the arena.

Du Yuanguang's eyes flashed hints of bewilderment and regret. He did not understand how he had fallen. How could he have known that Li Qiye's technique was honed by Immortal Emperor Min Ren himself? Although it could not compare to Emperor level merit laws, a martial technique sharpened by an Immortal Emperor could not be underestimated.

What was even more frightening was how Li Qiye had grasped the mysterious truths of this technique. Even since that ancient era, only the emperor and Li Qiye had fully understood the principles behind this technique. At this level, the technique could even slay a Royal Noble.

Du Yuanguang went into the match while underestimating his opponent, so he did not prepare any defenses. There was no way he could dodge the peerless strike. Li Qiye traded his left shoulder to execute this move.

Right now, the whole battle stage was completely silent. The laughter and jeers disappeared. It seemed that time itself froze.

Nan Huairen's jaws dropped to the floor. He hurried here in order to save Li Qiye. Not even in his wildest dreams would he expect for Li Qiye to only need one slash to dismember his opponent.

Li Qiye was slowly removing the magical sword from his shoulder. The noise of the sword scraping against his bone softly shrieked, but Li Qiye showed no signs of pain. After all, he had experienced much worse in the past. He threw the sword away then stepped outside of the ring. He then took a quick look at the crowd and, with a dejected and regretful expression, murmured: "It seems that my blade technique is still missing something. I had to trade a blow and injured myself..."

Recalling what had just occurred, Nan Huairen's jaws were still hugging the floor. It wouldn't be surprising for it to be dislocated after staying agape for so long. One blade to kill a cultivator and he was pretending to be sad? This fella was shameless!

As for the Nine Saint Demon Gate disciples, their souls had yet to return to their bodies. Du Yuanguang was a genius among his peers, but he was instantly mutilated by his opponent!

Protector Mo was the first to regain his composure. He immediately covered Li Qiye's wound to stop the blood flow and gravely said: "Go, now."

He carried Li Qiye and left the arena with Nan Huairen right behind them.

After settling Li Qiye down, Protector Mo just sat there aimlessly. Right now, he didn't have the time to think about how Li Qiye killed Du Yuanguang. He

was devastated since he knew the consequences of killing a disciple from the Nine Saint Demon Gate. This was a huge disaster.

Nan Huairen, on the other hand, was treating Li Qiye's wound with a special silver paste. Next, he applied bandages around the shoulder. The entire time, he wondered about what happened.

"How is it possible for a martial technique to kill a Provisional Palace expert?" He had seen Li Qiye practice the move before. Although it was admirable, he didn't truly care for it since it was only a martial technique.

"That is only because you do not understand the truth." Comfortably relaxing in his chair, Li Qiye was pleased with Nan Huairen's confused expression.